

August 17, 1967

Dear Harold:

If you could see my desk, three tables and a bookcase piled high with semi-completed projects and hear them groan from their heavy burdens of high heaps of "stuff" not even started . . you'd view with alarm my taking a few minutes to IBM a personal letter! However, I assuage my sometimes-prickly conscience with the comforting thought that these Fun Moments will send me back to company tasks with renewed vigah!

Well, about WW PHOTOGRAPHIC - I'd say that you've DONE IT AGAIN! Every cottonpickin page was bristling with things that should give your readers Cause to Pause . . I would also think it would give The Earl, all his submoronic helpers, the flesh-presser in the White House, AND Gawd's Greatest Creation Since Adam, John Edgar himself something to think about - provided of course they have the necessary equipment. Really, the more facts that come to light on the Dallas disaster, the more positively bombed I get, to think that "They" think we're all willing to go along with their Alice in Wonderland Adventure book put out in the fall of '64. I could go on and on and on and on and ON . . but you already know how I feel about it.

To see if my original reaction to Manchester's Book would hold up under another reading, I went around again during the last two weeks. And I still felt exactly the same as when first I read It. He appears to have a genuine hangup on a handful of words that he sprinkles in much too liberally. A prime example is "debouche" and I even take issue with his spots for dropping it in, in addition to its overuse. "Lacuna" is another that he seemed to adore. And tell me howinhell a man can comb his hair "like an oarsman sculling"? I simply cannot imagine how a sculling motion could be used hairwise, even by Jack Ruby.

On the theory that you WILL be doing a book about The Book somewhere along the line, I hope you'll consider devoting a line or two to what I can only take to be the Gospel According to William. As you'll recall, he delved quite deeply into the Cardinal Cushing Mass for JFK. He goes so far as to translate the Latin for his non-Catholic readers, and altho it's of course a minor point, his rewording of what is considered by most RCs to be the usual translation seemed a little much. I am sure that "Introibo ad altare Dei" means "I will go to the altar of God" - not "I am come to the altar of God." And I also know that the sentence that follows that goes "To God, who gives joy to my youth" - not "To God, who makes me young and joyful." There IS a difference, whether he knows it or not. He writes that "Sursum corda" and "Habemus ad Dominum" mean "Turn your hearts heavenward" and "We are facing the Lord" - when all easily available missals have it "Lift up your hearts" and "We have lifted them up to the Lord." I mention all this only because it's obvious that if he gave his own imaginative version of these tried and

trues, then there's every reason to believe that it's the same with all other areas of His Book.

I trust you'll take issue with his jazz about circumstantial evidence being the "best kind," and kick around his footnote that represented Himself as an M-1 Expert (USMC)". . and Oswald could hardly have missed."

So much for The Man and His Book!

How is your new home shaping up??? How is Lillian? And what is new otherwise? We've had horrendous weather since July 4th, but things are looking up now and am hoping for some beaching this weekend. We have managed to do some charcoal grilling even in the foggy, sodden weather . . steaks, mostly - and sometime I want to give some chicken legs a whirl on the trusty barbecue, but I haven't quite raked up my courage yet. Why do outdoor-cooked things always taste better???

How about the CIA book? And New Orleans? I was furious, of course, vis-a-vis the networks' treatment of Jim Garrison. "Ramparts" had a good column on that this time around, I thought.

And now back to what I should have been doing all this time - dull old company stuff! Give my best to Lil . . and let me hear from you Weisbergs, either or both.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'A. Weisberg', with a long horizontal line extending to the right.